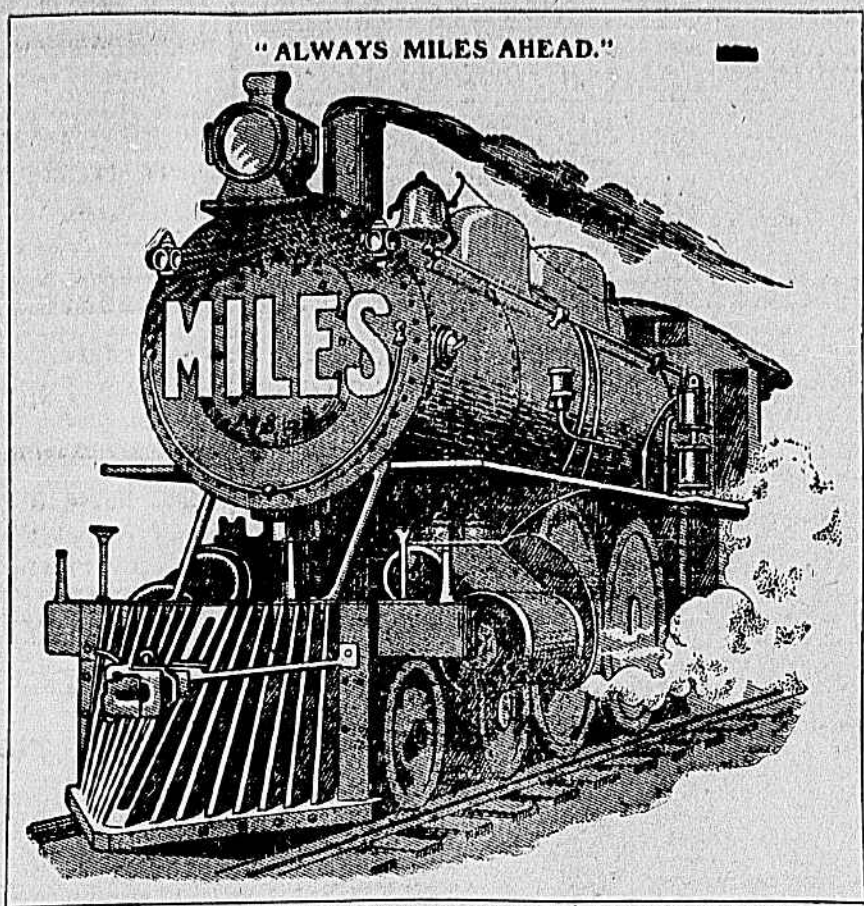


This TRADE MARK



is seen on the only General Line of

Solid Shoes
W. H. MILES SHOE CO., Inc.,
RICHMOND, VA.

"A New Kind of a Shoe House"

We are NOT YET the Largest Shoe House in the
 South, AS MANY CLAIM TO BE,
BUT We Have Made
A WORLD'S RECORD.

LISTEN! Twelve Salesmen sold over a
Half Million Dollars'
Worth of

MILES' SHOES

in our first six months.

LISTEN AGAIN! We did more business in our first three
 months than any Southern Shoe House ever did in its first year.
 This record could only have been accomplished with

"The Best Thing On Foot."

The Only Line of its Kind in the World--Without a Shoddy Shoe.
STOCK COMPLETE

ALL ORDERS SHIPPED QUICK — MAIL ORDERS SHIPPED QUICKEST

Stop the Deluge of Undesirable Emigrants

This the Purpose of Delegates
 From Southern States, Soon
 to Meet in Chattanooga.

THE CLASSES WHO COME

Our Country Deluged With Slo-
 vaks and the Scum of South-
 eastern Europe.

By Felix J. Koch, A. B.

Early in November there is to meet, in conference at Chattanooga, delegates from most, if not all, the Southern States—Virginia among the number. These men, delegated by the Governors of Tennessee, Louisiana, Maryland and West Virginia, Virginia, Florida, Mississippi, Kentucky and South Carolina, as well as Texas, are finally to take up what, for a half dozen years at least, has been the one blight on the American nation, and the one point which the countries of the Old World make us their laughing stock, in other words the immigration problem.

The American who studies immigration at New York does not see it at its best, or rather worst. To see the emigrant as he comes to this country, and as he will be, once Ellis Island's farce has been gone through with, one must board the liner and sail away to far-away vacation lands—not however, the picturesque portions of these countries, but into the squalor and miserable poverty that the tourist turns away from in disgust. There the future American is found, as we shall come to know him.

There it is, that our counsels learn to know this future American citizen, and his ways, and hence their influences against the emigrants.

Deluged with Slovaks.
 Just at present we are being deluged with Slovaks, and people from the far south-east of Europe. The days of the Irish emigrant—good-hearted, honest, and strong, and, withal, honest—are gone. The days of the German emigration are things of the past. Today we are receiving the scum of all Europe.

The most of these people are passing through the Hungarian port of Flum, and the consul at that port, Mr. La Guardia, inveighs bitterly against the practice, which he has comparatively no means to stop.

"Thirty thousand emigrants annually," he said to me recently, "are now threatened for the United States—this by reason of the new exclusively emigrant line opened between Flum and New York. When opened, last January a year ago, there was but one steamer a month; then came two, and now some three are promised for a regular schedule. Each of these steamers takes emigrants only; the second cabin passengers upon it are little better than steerage. Each steamer is equipped to carry eighteen hundred emigrants, and it is to the interests of the home-country just at present to see that they get them." Hungary has been proven guilty of complicity in sending us her undesirable peoples; and, while Mr. La Guardia did not say so, a tour of the Danubian States showed they were doing the same. In fact, even in little Montenegro it was broadly hinted by a royal-



TRANSYLVANIANS.

ment official that official aid was given those who would come to Eldorado.

Help Them to Return.

The rate from Flum to New York has been set at thirty-six dollars. Of that amount, two dollars, it is stated, is diverted by the government to a so-called Hungarian emigrant fund, to be employed in aiding emigrants who have been in the United States to return, once they "have learned our ways." The very suggestion is preposterous to a thinking American. The peasant family of the back-country will save and scrape that the one or two able-bodied sons, rude bumpkins, may come to America. There, accustomed as these people are to doing without meat, and with only the "polenta," or meal, and bread for daily food, they will be able to



GROUP OF BULGARIANS.

underbid our American labor, and likewise to save away from their daily wage. In all of Southern Europe the unskilled labor which earns twenty cents a day is the great exception; forty cents is for the perfected artisan. In Cincinnati a mayor was defeated very largely because he would give "only" \$1.12 a day to this class of labor. In America meal such as these peasants consume, bought at the "ten-cent tea stores" and the corner groceries, costs a pittance. Bread at three cents a loaf is another fraction. The peasant rarely smokes, except he from the far south, who is content with the rankest tobacco, being accustomed to garnering the rest for export, and this, likewise, is cheap in the States. So these peasants, the Hungarian Government politely informs us, are to come here, underbid our own citizens, save, and return to spend their wage in Europe.

Time and again, in the southeast of Europe, one will meet this family and that who are living very largely from a nest-egg accumulated by one member in the States.

Further, they are to learn American ways, and once the great spirit of our Yankee enterprise has been thoroughly instilled, the national fund is to be employed to bring them back and infuse Yankee commercialism into Magyar business. All very good—for the Magyars!

On the other hand, when, at the port of New York one of these returning emigrants re-enters the United States, and is by some error forced to pay what is known as the "two-dollar head-tax," there is a great howl made over the matter.

Come for the Winter.

The most of these emigrants are little better than winter visitors. Notably is this true of the Italians. In the fall the steamers are crowded with able-bodied men, and also women, who have left their dependent upon them in the care of others, and come here to work. New York grabs them eagerly, and New England is willing to consume the surplus. New Englanders are venting themselves bitterly at attempts to restrict immigration, gentlemen in the Vermont quarries telling me that, as it is, they cannot get nearly enough "rough labor." That problem, however, which is opposed by their own unemployed, is the American side of the question, and for discussion by others. These able-bodied workers come and take positions. They learn the trade, and they learn the secrets of our ways of

doing things; they lead the employer into the belief that he has all the labor he requires, and to turn down, probably, other resident applicants. Then, with the coming of the birds in the spring-time, these men flee back to sunny Italy. If they are single, and without dependents upon them, they will spend the summer idling on the Corso and in the Via Roma, or on the quay at Naples, one of the army of pestiferous beggars besetting the "Anagnino." If they have a mother, a wife or a sister, possibly they will come and work just a little—in Italy. Otherwise, they will stay in America, and work one year, two years, three or four years, until there is enough to return, not for a season, but for a life, to live at ease on the proceeds. Such are Hungarian and the Roumanian emigrants.

Fifty per cent. of all the Magyar emigrants, and twenty-five per cent. of the Croats, a consul assures me, return to Europe to stay. That more of the Croats do not return is owing to the anarchy to-day in Croatia. When Franz Josef dies, and Croatia sees her way clear to free herself from the tyranny of Hungary, these people, too, will return.

As for those who do not return to-day, the consul's studies serve to show that they are a thrifty set, hardy and strong, having been farmers in the old country. They are a strain on America, however, for almost without exception they wed among themselves, and whatever can be spared is utilized, not here, but for sending to relatives at home or as a fund for an eventual return.

The Ministry of Hungary, it has been openly charged by our consuls, facilitates the sending home of the money, and likewise discourages the naturalizations in this republic. Of its connivance in getting people to go to America, to be "educated," as it is put, little more need be said than to state that the Hungarian Government has a contract with a certain steamship company guaranteeing it thirty thousand emigrants a year, or else guaranteeing to pay said company twenty dollars for every emigrant short of that number. The subterfuge given for this is that it wants the emigration to go through Flum rather than Bremen.

Do Not Come to Stay.

As to the character of these emigrants, the photos tell the story. If they came to stay—came to assimilate with our people, came to learn our language and take on our citizenship—many of them would be desirable. This, however, they



THE HOME TOWN IN BULGARIA.

do not. The section gang on the railway in Italian throughout, and in the construction camp an interpreter is necessary. The foreign quarter of Chicago speaks Croat, lives Croat, and is Croat in sentiment. What other than this do the innumerable foreign newspapers indicate?

The charge made recently in the press that America will come to be a "nation of many nations," such as is Austria, to her peril to-day, is undoubtedly true. We are taking in the herds, and they, when they stay, do not assimilate. The Swedes of the Northland States are as Swedish as are the people of Stockholm. The Russian Jews of our Middle West speak their patois and drink of their samovars, and retain the ancient ritual. Each year the accretion continues. The time has at last come to put a stop to it. It is to be hoped that in the convention at Chattanooga ways and means for this "stop" will be found.

Until then, however, the liners' pursers at New York will probably continue handling the emigrant-inspector their choice bottles of tokay, and the aliens will file past him fast as men can reasonably walk, and of course they will all be found "O. K."

Luck and Chance in Mining.

The cynic's argument that success in most cases is but due to a succession of fortunate blinders would seem to be more often exemplified in mining for the precious metals than in any other field of the world's work. "Go and dig there!" advised a facetious miner, thinking to play a joke on the confiding interloper who had asked where he would better begin his mining. He pointed as he spoke to a crumbling prospect hole, long before abandoned as ground utterly barren.

But to the eyes of inexperience one spot looked as promising as another, and the young fellow promptly lent himself to the unassured humor of the situation with the result that he had found that when another practical miner offered to sink the shaft forty feet for a half interest in the claim, the opportunity to relieve a pair of blighted palms was hailed as a godsend. Yet, that forty feet of sinking paid something like \$50,000, while, first and last, the great Melvina mine of Boulder county, Colorado, has yielded close to \$100,000,000. Mary E. Stickney, in Sunset Magazine for October.

If any man imagines there are not two worlds morally, the one for men and the other for women, let him go to the theatre once, with his head made as big as a bushel by means of fireworks and feathers, and see what will happen to him.—Puck.

WHAT ADVERTISING IS.

By C. A. PEAKE. (Copyright 1905.)

According to the Century Dictionary, advertising is "the act or practice of bringing anything, as one's wants or one's business, into public notice, as by paid announcements in periodicals, or by handbills, placards, etc."

That definition is unsatisfactory—chiefly in that it puts advertising on a plane with hitting a golf ball or driving an automobile.

An authority on the subject says advertising "is influencing the minds of people. It is making others think as you desire, and making them do what you desire."

That is better. Advertising, in its essentials, is not an "act or practice"—it is a power, a power, a vital something.

Advertising is, to-day, the greatest force in the world. Without it, the world would be a very different place. It is the great power which makes the world what it is.

It is also true, however, that advertising is a very real thing. It is the great power which makes the world what it is. It is the great power which makes the world what it is.

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merchandise carried by another, the satisfaction given by tailor or dressmaker, the excitement of a certain soda water—everything, good or bad, said about a business or an individual is advertising.

It happens, however, that personal advertising, such as has just been referred to, does not have a tangible side, and therefore cannot be dealt with as commercial advertising can.

"Influencing the minds of people" makes small concerns great and great concerns greater. The mighty, invisible force never fails, when properly directed. Its work is to be seen everywhere.

Making others think as you desire, crowds stores, keeps factory wheels humming, railroads running, steamers plying, banks busy, fairly earned fortunes piling up.

The newspaper has come to be the generally accepted medium of all advertising. Powerful in itself, it enhances the strength of the message it carries; believed in, it produces a receptive state of mind, follow soil for the advertiser; correct in character, it virtually vouches for the advertisements that have place in its columns.

This is the first of a series of articles on phases and methods of advertising which The Times-Dispatch has undertaken to publish and which it will print on succeeding Sundays. The articles are broad as to general view and contain much of specific value to every business man.

Reckless Automobilists.
 Notwithstanding the ever increasing number of deaths and injuries caused by reckless automobilists, the criminally careless chauffeurs have almost invariably escaped punishment. As ruthless as an assassin as any patriot of Rome in the days of its self-debasement, these drivers of our modern chariots leave their dead lying in the road and escape by the combined means of their speed and of this falsified numbers; for it transpires that wanton automobilists does not lay himself liable to responsibility by carrying a recorded number, but changes the number to suit the occasion. In spite of efforts more or less earnest, the police find it impossible or impolitic to track these up-to-date murderers to their homes, if such men can be said to have homes, and the injured and dead go unavenged in consequence. It is noticeable, since the occurrence of the summer accidents, that many of the finest machines are run with conspicuous care, the occupants being unwilling to be classed with that band of conscienceless marauders who are bringing automobile into disrepute.

France is trying to meet the exigencies of the situation by building speedways on which nothing but automobiles are to be allowed. Such a speedway ninety miles in length is being constructed by Biarritz, at a cost of \$1,500,000, along the coast at Arcachon. Here the speed madness may have its way, with none to hinder nor make afraid, while on other thoroughfares moderation of pace can be rigidly enforced.—The Reader For October.

Clever Scheme.
 Mrs. Teller-Mrs. Desplumpe told me that the new residence they're building has five entrances.

Mr. Teller—Well, when the wolf arrives that'll keep him guessing for a while.—Puck.

Troubles of the Rich.
 Jaggies—Why does that millionaire boast of his ancestry?

Vagabond—Because he can't very well boast of his posterity, when his daughter eloped with the coachman and his two sons are taking the gold-cure.—Puck.